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ART. II.—*Rough Notes taken during some rapid Journeys across the Pampas and among the Andes.* By Captain F. B. HEAD. 12mo. pp. 264. Boston. Wells & Lilly.

AMONG the results, which have already grown out of the revolutions in South America, the mining speculations and enterprises hold a place not the least conspicuous. The thirst for gold, and the glowing visions of treasures buried in the mountains of the New World, which impelled the Spaniards to their original conquests and discoveries, are again revived, and made the efficient springs of hazard and adventure. New regions are explored, and new El Dorados sought after. By a happy issue of events, however, there has been a great change in the motives and means of searching for mineral treasures. The first acts of the Spaniards were bloody and cruel; their subsequent oppressions were an outrage equally upon humanity, justice, and freedom. Gold was coveted to pamper the pride and luxury of a few, to give splendor to the pageantry of the monarch, and consequence to a haughty nobility. The world has profited little by the gains of Spain from her colonies, and the nation itself has been ruined by the excess of its ill gotten treasure. Gold has done for degraded Spain what the arms of the foe could never do, and from the influence of this cause more than all others, she now finds herself at the bottom of the scale of nations, dragged along at the very heels of the improvements of the present age, the derision of enlightened men, and the pity of those, in all parts of Europe, who are still struggling to smother the lights of liberty and intelligence, and to support the falling fabric of legitimacy.

But very different ends are now proposed, and different means pursued, in disinterring the precious metals. The chains of slavery are broken, free governments established, and the mining operations thrown open to individual enterprise, and protected as an important branch of national industry. With these encouragements, companies have been formed, both in Europe and America, for working the mines of the southern republics. Various success will attend their efforts, but the results on the whole cannot fail to be exceedingly beneficial, not only to these republics themselves, but to the whole world. The metals thus brought to light will be immediately put into direct and speedy channels of commerce, and

will give an impulse to trade, and secure a confidence, which could only be derived from a substantial currency. In this respect it is of no consequence whose capital, or whose labor, is employed in digging up and coining the precious metals ; the great purpose is attained when these are actually put in circulation. Hence the general advantage will be the same, whether the mines are wrought by foreign companies, individuals, or the governments in whose territories they are found. It should be the policy of these governments, indeed, to put the mines into such hands, or, which is the same thing, to afford encouragements that will naturally bring them into such hands, as can apply to the working of them the greatest amount of capital. Thus far this policy has been in the main adhered to by the larger portion of the republics, although some symptoms of jealousy and ignorance have occasionally been manifested. A party in the Mexican congress had a project for imposing a heavy tax on the exportation of silver, but a majority was opposed to it. Such a scheme would be extremely unwise, inasmuch as the tax would fall on those engaged in working the mines, and in many cases increase the expense so much, as to render it impossible to carry on the work without loss. It is plainly the interest of all the new republics to give every facility to this branch of industry, for it is one which in the shortest time will communicate life, energy, and effect to all the other branches.

That there will be many dreams and wild speculations, disappointed hopes, and ruinous undertakings in this business of mining, is to be expected. There is sufficient uncertainty connected with the subject, and yet sufficient promise of bright things in prospect, to inflame adventurous minds, and take the imagination captive. Many will be amused with the beautiful castles they build in the air, and be led away by the delusions of their own fancy. This has always been the case in mining operations, and among those who have followed this profession, it is probable that ten have been ruined, to one who has been made rich. In this pursuit, however, as in every other, there is security in caution ; failure has commonly sprung from desperate hazard, or has followed unwarranted expectation. Companies are as likely to be misled in this way as individuals, and it may be safely calculated, that some of those, which have engaged with eagerness recently in the mining schemes of South America, will have their anticipations but imperfectly realized.

It was as the agent of a mining company that Captain Head made his tour in La Plata and Chile, and in his Introduction he draws rather a discouraging picture of the South American mining associations in England. Great mistakes have been committed by precipitancy, and especially by setting companies on foot, and taking measures for carrying their objects into effect, without any knowledge of the country in which the mine was situated, or of local circumstances. Ignorance, and a rage for speculation, two very blind guides at all times, have been the causes of much mischief in forming these companies, by raising false hopes, and deluding people into the folly of becoming share holders. Determined to guard against the rock on which many had been wrecked, an association for working the gold and silver mines in the provinces of La Plata, despatched Captain Head to that country with instructions to examine the mines, and gain all the requisite knowledge for commencing operations upon them to advantage. His *Rough Notes* were drawn up during this tour. They consist of a broken narrative of events, loose hints, remarks, and observations, thrown together without regard to method, or settled design. They are written in a hurried, unpolished style, but with a good deal of animation, and occasionally with a graphic power of description, not often attained by the higher and practised order of writers. He pretends to nothing more than he accomplishes, and every reader may draw entertainment and instruction from his book. Its chief fault is a tinge of exaggeration, arising not so much from any purpose of the author, as apparently from the natural tendency of his mind to perceive new objects through a magnifying medium. He is not one of your querulous, grumbling travellers, meeting with shocking accidents and perilous adventures every post, starving at every meal, and bit or stung to death by ravenous, unmannerly vermin every night; he experiences enough of these calamities to give due interest to his narrative, but he bears them patiently, and talks of them like a man of courage and sober resolution.

As to the success of his expedition, we are left somewhat in the dark. He visited mines without number, both of gold and silver, in the plains of La Plata, among the Andes, and in Chile, and, as he says, ‘went to the bottom of them all,’ but it does not appear that he reported favorably of any to his employers. He has devoted a chapter to the enumeration of

difficulties to be encountered by an English association, in working mines in the provinces of Rio de La Plata, and he arranges them under the three formidable divisions of physical, moral, political. The ardor of speculation must be unusually great, that would not be damped by the list of obstacles under each of these divisions.

The author assures us, moreover, that there are 'all sorts of English speculations in South America,' and that mining companies are not the only ones that fail. 'Besides many brother companies,' he says, 'which I met with at Buenos Aires, I found a sister association of milkmaids.' Some acute observer of the manners of nations, it seems had made the discovery, that the inhabitants of Buenos Aires and the neighboring provinces had no butter, notwithstanding the vast number of excellent cows, and the abundance of pasturage. It was forthwith determined, that a butter company, or, as our author terms it, a churning company, to manufacture and supply an article of so necessary use, would be an admirable enterprise. The company was formed without delay, and in a few months a cargo of Scotch milkmaids was landed at Buenos Aires, in complete readiness to commence operations. But here they were met with serious and unexpected obstacles at the very threshold. 'The difficulties which they experienced were very great; instead of leaning their heads against patient domestic animals, they were introduced to a set of lawless wild creatures, which looked so fierce that no young woman, who ever sat upon a three legged stool, would dare to approach, much less to milk them. But the Gauchos attacked the cows, tied their legs with strips of hide, and as soon as they became quiet, the shops of Buenos Aires were literally full of butter.' This was only a prelude to the disasters that followed. After all the difficulties of milking and churning had been conquered, 'it was discovered, first, that the butter would not keep; and secondly, that somehow or other, the Gauchos and natives of Buenos Aires liked oil better!' Thus vanished the bright hopes of the company, and the milkmaids were glad to return to their native Caledonian hills.

Captain Head's journey extended from Buenos Aires across the great plains called the Pampas, to Mendoza, and thence over the Andes to Santiago in Chile. The distance from Buenos Aires to Mendoza, at the foot of the Andes, is about nine hundred miles, and the whole distance to Santiago is

thirteen hundred and sixtyfive. This route may be travelled by a courier in twelve days, being more than a hundred miles a day on an average. There are post houses throughout the whole line, and relays of horses across the Pampas. The Andes are commonly passed on mules. In our further remarks we shall consult, in addition to Captain Head's book, the manuscript Journal of Colonel William G. D. Worthington, who travelled over the same ground nine years ago, as special agent from the government of the United States to Buenos Aires, Chile, and Peru, and with the perusal of whose papers we have been favored. We shall also select some interesting particulars from a paper now before us, being the manuscript of a gentleman who has resided several years in Chile, and to whose pen the public has already been indebted for valuable and curious information respecting that country. We are happy to acknowledge our obligations to these authentic and highly respectable sources. It is not our purpose, however, to present our readers with anything more, on the present occasion, than a few desultory remarks, communicating general facts in some degree illustrative of the habits, manners, and character of the people.

We have heretofore promised more than we have been able to perform, in regard to the South American republics. We hoped to have it in our power to draw up, from time to time, something like a connected history of the revolutions and recent changes in those countries, but we have hitherto found this impossible. Although we have sought materials from every quarter, and been successful in collecting them, yet they are for the most part unsatisfactory, and very imperfectly suited to historical purposes. There are as yet almost no books written in South America; the newspapers are meagre, referring rarely to the events of history; and the reports of the public officers to the congresses, which are important documents in themselves, are confined to the passing incidents and circumstances of the year. There was so little printing in the Spanish provinces during the first years of the revolution, that very few facts were recorded, and a full and accurate history must depend for many of its details on the recollection of living witnesses. Such a history of the revolution in Colombia has been written by Mr Restrepo, and it is hoped will shortly come before the public. When the same shall be done in the other republics, by men of equal eminence and qualifications, we

shall have all that is desired, and not before. Meantime, we think the concerns of South America so important in connexion with our own country, that we shall not fail to give them the full share of attention which they may justly claim in a work like ours, designed for various ends, and for none more, than the advancement of our national honor and dignity, and the defence of liberty and free institutions in whatever clime they may appear.

The great plain of the Pampas, over which Captain Head travelled, reaches from Buenos Aires to the Andes, covering a space of about nine hundred miles. This plain is intersected with rivers and streams, which have their sources among the perpetual snows of the Andes, and empty themselves into lakes in the interior, or find their way into the ocean through the great rivers Paraná and Río de La Plata. The regions of the Pampas are inhabited by a scattered population of wild and warlike Indians in the south, and of Gauchos, a people of Spanish descent, in the middle and north. These plains are fertile, and, under good agricultural management, might support a dense population. They afford luxuriant pasturage and abound in cattle and horses, the former of which afford the natives their principal food, and the latter they ride on all occasions. Our author divides the Pampas into what he calls the regions of clover and thistles, long grass, and low trees and shrubs. The clover and thistles commence at Buenos Aires and extend one hundred and eighty miles; then succeeds the long grass, which prevails four hundred and fifty miles further; and last of all the trees and shrubs, which reach to the base of the Andes. As these shrubs are evergreens, their appearance is hardly changed with the seasons, and the long grass only turns its color from green to brown; but the clover and thistle country puts on a new aspect several times in a year, as crops of each spring up successively from a rich soil, grow to maturity, wither, and decay.

There are two modes of travelling across the Pampas, one in carriages of a strong heavy construction, and the other on horseback. A carriage is taken at Buenos Aires for the whole route, and relays of horses are obtained on the way at post houses kept for the purpose by the Gauchos. These horses are commonly wild and restiff, but six or eight of them are attached to the carriage, and each one is ridden by a peon with enormous spurs, goading the sides of the poor animal. They

are thus all hurried forward at a quick gallop, and the traveller is carried rapidly along from Buenos Aires to Mendoza. The post houses are usually at a suitable distance for exchanging, but in some instances they are thirty, and even fifty miles apart. In these cases, the Gauchos accompany the carriage with a drove of horses, which are often changed on the way. Captain Head considers the mode of travelling on horseback much the more independent and expeditious, where the traveller has strength to endure the fatigue. Horses are obtained at the post houses in the same way as for carriages, and a Gaucho goes from one post house to another as a guide.

The Gauchos have some peculiar traits of character. They are described by the author as a people much attached to their native soil, seldom wandering far from the hut in which they were born, and in which their fathers had been born; hospitable and highminded, possessing few wants, cheerful, and contented, their food is of the simplest kind, consisting chiefly of beef and water, and their habitations are little better than such as are seen in the first stages of civilization. They are huts built of mud, and thatched with long yellow grass. The following description, from the pen of the author, will let the reader a little into the internal economy of one of these tenements.

‘In winter the people sleep in the hut, and the scene is a very singular one. As soon as the traveller’s supper is ready, the great iron spit on which the beef has been roasted, is brought into the hut, and the point is stuck into the ground. The Gaucho then offers his guest the skeleton of a horse’s head, and he and several of the family on similar seats, sit round the spit, from which with their long knives, they cut very large mouthfuls. The hut is lighted by a feeble lamp made of bullock’s tallow, and it is warmed by a fire of charcoal. On the walls of the hut are hung upon bones two or three bridles and spurs, and several lasos and balls. On the ground are several dark looking heaps, which one can never clearly distinguish; on sitting down upon these when tired, I have often heard a child scream underneath me, and have occasionally been mildly asked by a young woman what I wanted. At other times up has jumped an immense dog. While I was once warming my hands at the fire of charcoal, seated on a horse’s head, looking at the black roof in a reverie, and fancying I was quite by myself, I felt something touch me, and saw two naked black children leaning over the charcoal in the attitude of two toads; they had crept out from under some of the ponchos; and

I afterwards found that many other persons, as well as some hens sitting upon eggs, were also in the hut. In sleeping in these huts the cock has often hopped upon my back to crow in the morning ; however, as soon as it is daylight everybody gets up.'
p. 26.

Notwithstanding their isolated, independent, half civilized condition, the Gauchos are beginning to be politicians. Captain Head held a conversation on political subjects with one of his guides, who was very curious in his inquiries about the government of Mendoza, and the troops that had been raised in that province to reinstate the governor of San Juan, in which province the guide lived, and where the people had lately deposed the governor. The Gaucho was very indignant, that the Mendozans should interfere in the business, and said the inhabitants of San Juan could manage their own affairs, and elect their own governor.

The principal towns between Buenos Aires and Santiago are San Luis in the Pampas, and Mendoza near the foot of the Andes, each containing from eight to twelve thousand inhabitants. These are centres, from which a political influence will emanate and gradually extend itself over the neighboring regions. San Luis was the place where the royalist prisoners were sent from Buenos Aires and Chile in the first years of the revolution, and reports are current of tragic scenes witnessed there, which reflect no credit on the humanity or honor of the party engaged in them.

The regions of the Pampas are uncommonly salubrious, particularly the parts towards Mendoza. The soil is here strongly impregnated with saltpetre, and a crystalline clearness prevails in the atmosphere unknown in almost every other part of the world. Animal putrefaction seldom takes place, and the dead bodies of horses and cattle are often seen dried up, and very little changed from their appearance when alive. So extremely transparent is the atmosphere, that from the Sierra del Moro at sunrise Colonel Worthington saw the Tupungato, a high peak of the Andes, at the distance of three hundred and twelve miles. He saw the same again at San Luis about sunset, at the distance of two hundred and forty miles. In the morning its appearance was white, in the evening blue. We may here mention a funeral ceremony, which came under Colonel Worthington's observation in the Pampas. A child one or two years old had died, and the people gathered around it in the

evening to perform its funeral rites. The body was laid on a table very gaudily dressed ; the palms of the hands were brought together on the breast, with the fingers pointing upwards, and the thumbs tied with a pink ribbon. Four candles were placed on the table, one at each corner. The company assembled with laughing, and talking, and much good humor, till at length one of the party struck up a tune on the guitar. They all fell to dancing, which they continued till daylight, when they dispersed.

Captain Head visited the gold mines of La Carolina in the Pampas, where he was astonished to find, that the people would not take gold as a currency. He wished to purchase gold dust, and offered gold coins, but they refused to take them, even at half their value, and said they were good for nothing. They would take silver only, and the landlord with whom the travellers lodged demanded payment in this metal. Offering gold at La Carolina was literally verifying the proverb of carrying coals to Newcastle. The Indians, who offer skins and ostrich feathers in the market of Mendoza, will not sell them for money, which they say is of no value, and can do them no good ; they will barter their articles for knives, spurs, sugar, or whatever else they want. Nor will they purchase by weight ; they must have ocular demonstration of quantity, and when they bargain for sugar, they mark on a hide the space which they expect to be covered. If our North American Indians had a little more of this wisdom of their Pampas brethren, they would be less frequently cheated than they have been by those, who boast of being illumined by the lights of civilization.

At Mendoza our author prepared for a passage across the Andes. Carriages proceed no further, and a caravan of sixteen mules was engaged to take himself and party over the mountains. On his way up the Cordillera he visited the warm baths of Villa Vicencia, and the mines of Uspallata. In ascending the Andes very little occurred worthy of observation, except in passing the *laderas*, of which all travellers speak so much. The road is along the north bank of the river Mendoza, which flows with great rapidity down a deep valley, almost from the top of the mountain. For the most part there is a sufficient width of level ground between the margin of the river and the base of the steep acclivities for a convenient road, but in some instances spurs of the mountain project so abruptly upon the stream, as to leave no room for a passage. It is then

necessary to wind along the side of the precipice, which thus intervenes, by a very narrow path, sometimes less than two feet in width, affording barely room for a mule to pass with its burden. On the left the Mendoza is foaming below with great fury, and on the right the mountain ascends almost perpendicularly till it is lost in the clouds. The path is sometimes five hundred feet, and in one instance seven hundred, above the river, and the slightest accident would precipitate the mule and its rider to the bottom. So steep is the slope, and so near does the hill approach on the right, that the traveller can touch it with his hand and frequently with his shoulder. So cautious is the mule in passing these *laderas*, so deliberate in feeling his way over loose stones, and so entirely free from any sensation of giddiness or embarrassment, arising from the great elevation and the sight of the yawning abyss beneath, that any accident to a traveller, who sits quietly on his mule, is a very rare thing. He is much more safe than he would be on foot. But baggage mules are often precipitated from the path, by reason of their load striking against the side of the mountain, and thus pushing them from their narrow foothold. A little experience teaches them to guard against any serious accident from this cause, by walking on the very verge of the pathway. Travellers are apt to be alarmed at this propensity of the mule, and at finding themselves hanging on the brink of the precipice; but there is no danger if the mule is allowed to pursue his course, and trust to his own discretion. The following description by Captain Head, of his passage of the *Ladera de las Vacas*, presents a vivid picture of the scenes he witnessed.

‘As soon as we crossed the pass, which is only seventy yards long, the capataz told me, that it was a very bad place for baggage mules, that four hundred had been lost there, and that we should also very probably lose one. He said that he would get down to the water at a place about a hundred yards off, and wait there with his *lazo* to catch any mule that might fall into the torrent, and he requested me to lead on his mule. However, I was resolved to see the tumble if there was to be one, so the capataz took away my mule and his own, and while I stood on a projecting rock at the end of the pass, he scrambled down on foot, till he at last got to the level of the water.

‘The drove of mules now came in sight, one following another; a few were carrying no burdens, but the rest were either mounted or heavily laden, and as they wound along the crooked path, the difference of color in the animals, the different colors and shapes

of the baggage they were carrying, with the picturesque dress of the peons, who were vociferating the wild song by which they drive on the mules, and the sight of the dangerous path they had to cross, formed altogether a very interesting scene.

‘As soon as the leading mule came to the commencement of the pass he stopped, evidently unwilling to proceed, and of course all the rest stopped also.

‘He was the finest mule we had, and on that account had twice as much to carry as any of the others; his load had never been relieved, and it consisted of four portmanteaus, two of which belonged to me, and which contained not only a very heavy bag of dollars, but also papers which were of such consequence, that I could hardly have continued my journey without them. The peons now redoubled their cries, and leaning over the sides of their mules, and picking up stones, they threw them at the leading mule, who now commenced his journey over the path. With his nose to the ground, literally smelling the way, he walked gently on, often changing the position of his feet, if he found the ground would not bear, until he came to the bad part of the pass, where he again stopped, and I then certainly began to look with great anxiety at my portmanteaus; but the peons again threw stones at him, and he continued his path, and reached me in safety; several others followed. At last a young mule, carrying a portmanteau with two large sacks of provisions, and many other things, in passing the bad point, struck his load against the rock, which knocked his two hind legs over the precipice, and the loose stones immediately began to roll away from under them; however his fore legs were still upon the narrow path; he had no room to put his head there, but he placed his nose on the path on his left, and appeared to hold on by his mouth. His perilous fate was soon decided by a loose mule which came, and in walking along after him knocked his comrade’s nose off the path, destroyed his balance, and head over heels the poor creature instantly commenced a fall, which was really quite terrific. With all his baggage firmly lashed to him, he rolled down the steep slope, until he came to the part which was perpendicular, and then he seemed to bound off, and turning round in the air, fell into the deep torrent on his back, and upon his baggage, and instantly disappeared. I thought of course that he was killed, but up he rose, looking wild and scared, and immediately endeavored to stem the torrent which was foaming about him. It was a noble effort, and for a moment he seemed to succeed, but the eddy suddenly caught the great load on his back, and turned him completely over; down went his head with all the baggage, and as he was carried down the stream all I saw were his hind quarters, and his long, thin, wet

tail, lashing the water. As suddenly, however, up his head came again ; but he was now weak and went down the stream, turned round and round by the eddy, until passing the corner of the rock, I lost sight of him. I saw, however, the peons with their lasos in their hands run down the side of the torrent for some little distance ; but they soon stopped, and after looking towards the poor mule for some seconds, their earnest attitude gradually relaxed, and when they walked towards me I concluded that all was over. I walked up to the peons, and was just going to speak to them, when I saw at a distance a solitary mule walking towards us. We instantly perceived that he was the Phaeton, whose fall we had just witnessed, and in a few moments he came up to us to join his comrades.' pp. 136 – 140.

These *laderas* vary in length from sixty to a hundred and fifty yards. Captain Riley, in the romance of his capture in Africa, mentions a similar pass, but more terrific if possible, on the sea shore between Mogadore and the great desert.

Our author encountered few other difficulties, till he found himself in the spacious city of Santiago. He soon ascended to the region of snow, although it was only two days since he had escaped the burning heats of Mendoza ; and he relates some affecting anecdotes of the fate of travellers, who have attempted to cross the Andes in the winter. A furious wind, like a hurricane, frequently comes up of a sudden, and drives the snow before it in such masses, as to suffocate the traveller, and bury him alive. Small huts of brick have been built in the snowy region, on the summit of the Andes, to afford travellers a temporary shelter, but persons have been shut up in them by the snow, and died there of cold and hunger, as no fuel nor food could be obtained. In the summer season there is no danger from this source, although the travelling across the snow is not represented as the most agreeable. The time taken up in crossing the mountains with good success is from four to six days. Colonel Worthington passed from Mendoza to Villa de los Andes, a village in Chile at the foot of the Andes, in a little more than four days, and returned through the same distance in four days and a half.

Arrived in Santiago our author is in great haste to be among the mines of Chile. Many of these he visited, but we shall accompany him to one only, and that is the silver mine of San Pedro Nolasco, which is high up the Andes, about seventyfive miles southwest of Santiago. After giving an account of his perilous journey to this spot, he speaks of the situation, and the mine itself.

‘Although it was midsummer,’ he says, ‘the snow where we stood was, according to the statement made to me by the agent of the mine, from twenty to a hundred and twenty feet deep, but blown by the wind into the most irregular forms, while in some places the black rock was visible. Beneath was the river and valley of Maypo, fed by a number of tributary streams, which we could see descending like small silver threads down the different ravines. We appeared to have a bird’s-eye view of the great chain of the Andes, and we looked down upon a series of pinnacles of indescribable shapes and forms, all covered with eternal snow. The whole scene around us in every direction was devoid of vegetation, and was a picture of desolation, on a scale of magnificence which made it peculiarly awful; and the knowledge that this vast mass of snow, so cheerless in appearance, was created for the use, and comfort, and happiness, and even luxury of man, that it was the inexhaustible reservoir from which the plains were supplied with water, made us feel that there is no spot in creation, which man should term barren, though there are many which nature never intended for his residence. A large cloud of smoke was issuing from one of the pinnacles, which is the great volcano of San Francisco; and the silver lode, which was before us, seemed to run into the centre of the crater.

‘As it was in the middle of the summer, I could not help reflecting what a dreadful abode this must be in the winter, and I inquired of our guide and the miners concerning its climate in that season. They at first silently pointed to the crosses, which, in groups of three and two and four, were to be seen in every direction; and they then told me, that although the mine is inaccessible for seven months in winter, yet that the miners used to be kept there all the year. They said that the cold was intense, but that what the miners most dreaded were the merciless *temporales*, or storms of snow, which came on so suddenly that many miners had been overtaken by them, and had perished when not a hundred and fifty yards from the hut. With these monuments before my eyes, it was really painful to consider what the feelings of those wretched creatures must have been, when, groping about for their habitation, they found the violence of the storm unabating and irresistible. It was really melancholy to trace, or fancy I could trace, by the different groups of crosses, the fate of the different individuals. Friends had huddled together and had thus died on the road; others had strayed from the path, and from the scattered crosses, they had apparently died in searching for it. One group was really in a very singular situation. During a winter particularly severe, the miners’ provisions, which consist of little else but hung beef, were gradually failing, when a party

volunteered, to save themselves and the rest, that they would endeavor to get over the snow into the valley of Maypo, and return if possible with food. They had scarcely left the hut, when a storm came on and they perished. The crosses are exactly where the bodies were found; they were all off the road; two had died close together; one was about ten yards off, and one had climbed to the top of a large loose fragment of rock, evidently to look for the hut on the road. The view from San Pedro Nolasco, taken altogether, is certainly the most dreadful scene, which in my life I have ever witnessed; and it appeared so little adapted or intended for a human residence, that when I commenced my inspection of the lode, and of the several mines, I could not help feeling, that I was going against nature, and that no sentiment but that of avarice could approve of establishing a number of fellow creatures in a spot, which was a subject of astonishment to me how it was ever discovered.

‘As the snow was in many places fifty feet deep on the lode, I could only walk on the surface from one boccamina to another; but when I had done this I took off my clothes and went down the mine, which it was my particular object to inspect. All the rest had long ago been deserted, but in this one there were a few miners lately sent there, who were carrying on the works on the old system which had been exercised by the Spaniards, and to which these men have all their lives been accustomed.

‘At first we descended by an inclined gallery or level, and then clambered down the notched sticks, which are used in all the mines in South America as ladders. After descending about two hundred and fifty feet, walking occasionally along levels, where the snow and mud were above our ankles, we came to the place where the men were working. It was astonishing to see the strength with which they plied their weighty hammers, and the unremitted exertion with which they worked; and, strange as it may appear, we all agreed that we had never seen Englishmen possess such strength and work so hard. While the barreteros, or miners, were working the lode, the apires were carrying the ore upon their backs; and after we had made the necessary observations, and collected proper specimens, we ascended with several of these apires above and below us.

‘We were quite exhausted when we came to the mouth of the mine; one of my party almost fainted, and as the sun had long ago set, the air was so bleak and freezing, we were so heated, and the scene was so cheerless, that we were glad to hurry into the hut, and to sit upon the ground round a dish of meat, which had long been ready for us.’ ‘While we were at one end of the hut, drinking brandy and water, seated upon our saddles, and lighted

by a brown tallow candle, which was stuck into a bottle, and which was not three yards from a hide filled with gun-powder, the few miners we had seen at work were relieved by others, who were to work through the night. They came into the hut, and without taking the least notice of us, prepared their supper, which was a very simple operation. The men took their candles out of the cloven sticks, and in the cleft they put a piece of dried beef; this they warmed for a few seconds over the embers, which were burning on the ground, and they then eat it, and afterwards drank some melted snow water out of a cow's horn.

'Their meal being over, they then enjoyed the only blessing fortune had allotted to them, which was rest from their labor. They said nothing to each other, but as they sat upon the sheepskin, which was the only bed they had, some fixed their eyes upon the embers, while some seemed to ruminate upon other objects. I gave them what brandy I had, and asked them if they had no spirits, to which they gave me the usual answer, that miners are never allowed to have spirits, and with this law they seemed to be perfectly satisfied.' pp. 190—196.

Santiago is the capital of Chile, and is ranked among the first cities in South America. It is ninety miles interior from Valparaiso, the principal port of Chile, and thirty miles from the Andes, although so lofty and imposing are these mountains, that they seem at this distance to overhang the town. As you approach Santiago, you see none of those elevated domes and turrets, nor indeed any of the striking objects, which give notice that you are about to enter a great city. The castle, upon a moderate height within the town, is the only object conspicuous from afar. The houses and streets on the skirts of the town are mean and dirty, and the same may be said of two thirds of the city itself. The whole city is divided into squares, measuring one hundred and fifty yards on each side. Four of these squares in the centre compose the Plaza, or great square; on one side of this are the cathedral and the bishop's house; on another, the palace, prison, and offices of the ministers of state; and on the other two, shops and private dwellings. For about four squares from the Plaza each way, the streets and houses are beautiful, displaying taste in the style of architecture. There is nothing remarkable in the external appearance of the palace; the sala, or reception room within is simply beautiful, perhaps elegant, but not magnificent. The cathedral is a large pile, well constructed of granite, and is still unfinished. It conveys the idea of grandeur, but con-

fused, and when lighted in the midnight services, this very confusion seems to heighten the impressions of sublimity, which it is calculated to raise.

There are five nunneries in Santiago, all richly endowed. The turbulent scenes of the revolution were by no means calculated to diminish this species of religious zeal. It is not easy to ascertain the number of ecclesiastics in the city, as many of them are frequently absent on missions. From the best information that can be collected, it may be presumed there are more than a thousand, and about six hundred nuns. During the power of the Careras, attempts were made to reduce the number of the ecclesiastics, and likewise establish annual salaries, in lieu of *primicias*, *diermas*, and discretionary fees for all marriages and interments. But these innovations were not acceptable even to the people, who, it would almost seem, would hardly regard a marriage valid, or a death a happy one, unless they were obliged to pay the accustomed fees. The value and effect of a dispensation to quiet scruples of conscience for the omission of any known duty, or the commission of an act forbidden, are still weighed in golden scales. Hence, the absence of the bishop during the troubles of the revolution, has been productive of very serious inconvenience to many conscientious christians in Chile. On some important occasions, several persons have been obliged to have recourse to Rome.

The university in Santiago is an object of interest. The buildings occupy a whole square, and their disposition and general appearance are nearly the same as those of the convents, with a chapel in place of a church. The university has been sadly neglected during the revolution, and has now but very few students, and very imperfect government. It has recently attracted notice, however, and the state has made provisions for its reorganization. All the apartments intended for students and fellows within its walls are dark and gloomy, and little better than the cells of the monks. Whatever other lights they may have to guide them to knowledge, they surely have very little of the light of heaven, for there are not ten windows in all the buildings pertaining to the university. The hours of study are passed in walking round the piazzas, reading aloud, or under the trees in the centre of the square, in the true style of Peripatetics; and, indeed, what of philosophy and metaphysics is taught there savors very much of the days

of Aristotle. No attention has been paid to Greek or Hebrew, but there have been professorships of Latin, Theology, the lower branches of the Mathematics, and Philosophy, which last, as far as its explanation can be understood, means nothing but Logic. Neither astronomy, chemistry, nor any other branch of physical or natural philosophy has ever been introduced. There are no such things as globes, telescopes, mathematical instruments, nor, in fact, any sort of philosophical or chemical apparatus whatsoever.

Considering this state of the university, it is the more remarkable, that there should be an extensive and highly valuable library. A great proportion of the books are of course upon theological subjects, and many of these in Latin, and bound in parchment. There is, moreover, a good number of manuscripts, and a large collection of Spanish and French authors. The whole number of volumes may perhaps be estimated at eight or ten thousand. With such a library, and the Jesuits for teachers, one would hardly suppose, that the sciences would have been so entirely neglected. Graduates, and very sensible men too, till lately might have been heard to discuss, with great formality and gravity, questions concerning the *Seven Heavens*, the *Primum Mobile*, and the *Cælum Empyræum*; and in this venerable seat of the muses, the doctrine of the motion of the earth, and the stationary position of the sun, would have been as ill received as it was in the days of Pythagoras, Copernicus, or Galileo.

The mint at Santiago is a noble building of the Doric order; its proportions are well preserved. Its front occupies the entire side of a square. Another public work of importance is the Tacarnar, an embankment constructed for the purpose of confining the waters of the river which passes through the city. This river rises suddenly during the winter rains to such a degree as to overflow the streets adjoining it, and threaten to inundate the city. To remedy this inconvenience, a solid and finely finished wall of stone and bricks has been raised, and continued through nearly the whole length of the city and suburbs. A spacious new street has thus been formed; at the same time the others, which were formerly exposed, have been secured and improved. In the centre of this street is a fine water fountain, and here and there groves of trees, which form pleasant little shady walks. On the inner side of the wall, throughout its whole extent, is a raised foot walk, about five

feet high and four broad, beautifully paved with small stones, like mosaic work, and affording a dry passage at all seasons, from one end of the city to the other. Of this work, as well as the mint, Ambrosio O'Higgins, father of the late Supreme Director of Chile, was the projector. This bold Irish adventurer, indeed, has left behind him many noble monuments of an exalted and comprehensive genius, in every part of the continent to which his singular fortunes guided him. The great road from Santiago to Valparaiso was the fruit of his enterprise and public spirit, and the post houses on the summit of the Andes were built by his order. The celebrated road from Lima to Callao was constructed by him, after he had risen by his talents alone to the elevated station of Viceroy of Peru. His projects were all on a grand scale, and they all aimed at public good. It may be doubted whether the history of any individual, connected with the Spanish South American provinces, during the colonial servitude, would appear to better advantage, or be contemplated with more satisfaction, than that of the deeds and character of Ambrosio O'Higgins.

As nothing approaching an accurate census of the capital of Chile has been taken, it is impossible to tell how many inhabitants it contains. The common answer to the question in the city itself is, *bastantes miles*, many thousands. Some travellers represent the city to be nearly as large in compass as Philadelphia, and although its houses are incomparably inferior in every other respect, they are better stocked with inhabitants. No estimate of the actual number can be made, however, from this comparison, because the houses of cities in warm climates are more scattered, and occupy more space, than in colder regions. It is believed by recent observers, that the population of the state of Chile has been put too low. It was supposed at the beginning of the revolution to be under two millions. It has lately been thought to contain more than three. But everything on this subject is conjecture. No census has been taken, or can be taken for the present. Such has been the influence of the old government, that an attempt of this sort would be suspected at once, and fail of its ends. The common people would fear an impressment for the army, and fly into the mountains; and the better orders would think of nothing but some scheme on the part of the government to levy a new tax, and they would practise deception and evasion. A census taken under these circumstances would tell no truth, and be of no value.

The revolution in Chile began in July, 1810, when the captain general, Carrasco, was compelled by the inhabitants of Santiago to resign his command, and the Count de la Conquista was appointed to take his place. Shortly after a plan of a new government was formed by an assembly, which voluntarily collected for the purpose. The supreme power was invested in a junta, of which the Count de la Conquista was president. This junta issued a summons for deputies to be sent from all parts of Chile to a general congress, and at the same time prescribed the method of election. Some disturbances occurred in prosecuting the election at Santiago, but delegates were at length chosen throughout the country, and a congress was convened. Here new seeds of discord began to germinate, by reason of the great number of members attending the congress, their disproportion in different districts, and the alleged illegality of the manner in which many of them had been chosen. A strong discontented party sprang up, at the head of which were three brothers, by the name of Carrera, sons of a rich landholder in Santiago. At this period Mr Poinsett, our present minister in Mexico, was in Chile; and he took an active and responsible part with the Carreras, and is understood to have rendered them much assistance by his counsels and personal services. The military adhered to this party, and the cry for reform became every day more loud and imperious. This point was partially carried in September, 1811, and the congress proceeded to institute and recommend a plan of government. The Carreras were not satisfied, their party gained strength, and in November, they compelled the congress to appoint a new junta consisting of three members, one of whom was the eldest brother, Don José Miguel Carrera. By this junta an additional regiment of cavalry was raised, and Carrera was made colonel. His two brothers, Juan José Carrera, and Luis Carrera, were also officers in the army, the one major of grenadiers, and the other captain of artillery. Having thus the military on their side, the Carreras may be said to have been at the head of the government at this time; and through various commotions and vicissitudes they maintained their power and influence for nearly three years. They had many enemies, of course, and when the royalists were reinforced from Peru, and began to press heavily upon the country, the torrent of disapprobation was too strong for them to withstand. José Miguel Carrera was superseded in the command of the

army by Bernardo O'Higgins. This change lighted the torch of civil war, but the necessity of union to resist the common enemy, prevented any very serious consequences. Two of the Carreras were taken prisoners by the royalists, and carried to Chillan, but they found means to escape. At length came on the decisive battle of Rancagua, in October, 1814, where the patriots were defeated, and the royalists gained entire possession of Chile. The Carreras fled across the Andes to Mendoza with several hundred troops. More than two thousand patriots sought refuge in the same quarter, others were persecuted and punished in various ways, and a large number was exiled to the island of Juan Fernandez.

The government of Buenos Aires took a lively interest in the fate of Chile, and a plan was shortly devised for dispossessing the royalists of their acquisitions. The safety of Buenos Aires itself demanded this step. Troops were therefore gradually sent to Mendoza to unite with those from Chile, and the whole were put under the command of General San Martin. They amounted at last to four thousand, and with this army San Martin crossed the Andes in January, 1817. The army was formed in two divisions, one of which was commanded by O'Higgins. This passage of the Andes with such an army, and all its military accompaniments, has justly been considered a great enterprise, proving the resources, zeal, and energy of the general. The combined army met the royalists, and gained a brilliant victory at Chacabuco, fifty miles from Santiago, to which city San Martin advanced without further opposition. A congress of the principal inhabitants was immediately convened, and San Martin was chosen Supreme Director of Chile. He declined the appointment, and by his influence Bernardo O'Higgins was raised to that office. The royalists retired to Talcahuana, a sea port in the south of Chile, where they were reinforced from Peru, till their numbers became again formidable to the patriots. The cause of liberty remained in suspense till the 5th of April, 1818, when the great battle of Maypu was fought, the Spanish army completely routed, and the independence of Chile established. O'Higgins continued to be Supreme Director, although San Martin was commander in chief of the army, till his expedition to Peru, which took place in 1820. O'Higgins was afterwards removed, and he retired to Lima. By the last intelligence concerning his movements, he had found means to take pos-

session of the Isles of Chiloe, with the view, it was supposed, of regaining his lost power in Chile. His successor was Freyre, who is still at the head of the government.

The fate of the Carreras was a melancholy one. The two younger brothers were barbarously executed in Mendoza, after having been condemned for the part they took in endeavoring to reestablish themselves in Chile. The eldest brother, José Miguel, resolved to revenge this injury. He retired to Buenos Aires, and afterwards came to the United States, seeking supplies of money and men. On his return we find him in the neighborhood of Buenos Aires, at the head of a small body of forces, natives and foreigners, Gauchos of the plains, and a few English, French, and American sailors and soldiers. His progress was viewed with some uneasiness by the government of Buenos Aires, and not less so by that of Chile, where he was known to possess many powerful partisans. The lower orders, and the soldiery, still cherished the remembrance of his rule, and were devoted to him, for, during his power, he had proved himself a good politician and an accomplished courtier. He had always asked as a favor, what he might have demanded as a right, and the people delighted to recount the instances of his condescension, affability, and munificence.

In his march across the Pampas he had several skirmishes with the garrisons of the different military posts. He found means to correspond with his friends in Santiago, and no doubt received supplies from that place. It was at this period of his career, that a conspiracy in his favor was detected on the eve of its successful execution. The Director, O'Higgins, displayed at this moment his characteristic intrepidity. He entered alone at midnight a room, filled with conspirators against his government and life ; he commanded them instantly to disperse, and owe their lives to his clemency. They did not wait for a repetition of the command, but fled precipitately, leaving some of their papers behind them. Carrera passed the Pampas with no other difficulty, than such as arose from the nature of the country. He took and pillaged San Luis, and advanced leisurely towards Mendoza. At this time he is said to have been deceived in regard to the state of public feeling respecting him in that quarter, and indeed we can in no other way account for the fatal rashness of his measures. The government of Chile had watched his progress, and taken care to

prepare the *Mendozans* for his reception. He thus found himself in the vicinity of *Mendoza*, in *January, 1822*, with about a thousand troops. Leaving the greater part of them at *Retano*, nearly forty miles from the town, he advanced with about three hundred horse. Meantime all the regular troops and militia of *Mendoza* had marched out to meet him. He first encountered a body of horse, not equal to his own, which he attacked. They opened, and displayed a large body of infantry, which had been concealed from his observation. Flight was now his only resort, and he arrived at *Retano*, pursued by the enemy. Here he resolved to make a stand, and at least to sell his life dearly. When attacked, however, he discovered that he had been betrayed by the officer left in command, who in his absence had held a correspondence with the enemy, and now went over to them with most of his men. Still *Carrera* fought, and seemed determined to defend himself though with a single arm; but surrounded and overwhelmed by numbers, he fell exhausted into their hands. He was immediately conducted to *Mendoza*, where, after a brief form of trial, he was executed on the very spot, that had hardly ceased smoking with the blood of his brothers.

Among the most interesting persons, who have appeared in the revolution of *Chile*, may be reckoned *Manuel Rodriguez*, the friend, adviser, and coadjutor of the *Carreras*. As far as a man's purposes can be understood from his professions and acts, it may be truly said of *Rodriguez*, that he had the liberty and equal rights of his countrymen, as well as their independence, really at heart. As far, at least, as the refusal of office and compensation for inestimable services in his country's cause, will go as an argument in his favor, we may believe him to have been governed by disinterested patriotism. Till recently, his fate has been involved in the deepest mystery; no one has pronounced his name but with the utmost caution, or scarcely heard it without crossing himself. He was equal in rank to his friends the *Carreras*, but he was destined to different pursuits in life, having devoted himself to the study of the law, in which profession he was rising to eminence.

At the commencement of the revolution he joined the patriot party, and adhered to it without wavering to the last. He was the Mentor of the *Carreras*, and when their fortunes declined, he accompanied them across the *Andes*. His spirit and exertions did not flag with their ill success; he enlisted in the cause

of his country with the same zeal, when its interests were entrusted to San Martín as when they were in the hands of his friends. When Buenos Aires undertook the emancipation of Chile, Rodríguez was one of the most forward in council and in action. His chivalrous spirit induced him to choose the most perilous and important office, that fell to the lot of any one engaged in the enterprise, that of personally conveying information to the friends of insurrection in Santiago, and ascertaining the disposition of the people at large in Chile. In the execution of this trust he proved himself another Proteus. Though cautious and prudent, where the interest of his cause was in jeopardy, yet there was no personal hazard or adventure that had not a charm for him. He engaged to cross the Andes and enter Chile for purposes of secret observation at a time, when the government could not but have been jealous and wary, as well of the Carrera party, as of the people of Buenos Aires. During the period between the battles of Rancagua and of Chacabuco, while the royalists retained undisturbed possession of the kingdom, he passed the mountains and entered Chile in various disguises, three different times, travelling generally on foot. He appeared sometimes in the dress of a miner, sometimes of a friar begging alms for his convent, and sometimes of a pedlar. In this manner he went as far south as Talca, eighty leagues from Santiago, and about the same distance towards Coquimbo, frequently making himself known, but only to those with whom he was thoroughly acquainted. At one time in Santiago, when he thought himself pursued, he was concealed for a day, and part of a night, in the house of one of his friends, in a *tenaca*, or large earthen wine jar; at another time, when returning from Chile to Mendoza, he was impressed by an officer, who, with a guard of soldiers, had been posted in a pass of the Cordilleras, for the very purpose of interrupting the correspondence, and preventing communication with the other side, and whose men were then employed in repairing the road. Rodríguez was immediately set to work, and showed that he could handle the spade and axe, as skilfully as he had formerly done his pen. He was detained two days, and all the time had concealed about his person important letters and papers, the discovery of any one of which would inevitably have cost him his head.

He frequently went at noonday to the houses of some of the first men in the city, in tatters, and with a basket of fruit upon

his head, and while bargaining for the fruit made himself known, and received important communications.

Rodriguez accompanied the army of San Martin into Chile, and after the battle of Chacabuco he returned to the city, and set himself quietly down in his study. He mingled no further in public affairs, than any other decided private patriot, till the dispersion of San Martin's army at Canchariada. When the news of this disastrous event reached the city, all eyes were instantly turned on Rodriguez. To him was owing in a great measure the success of exertions, which have too often been attributed exclusively to San Martin. For the moment, he assumed the office of Director, and executed its duties. He harangued the people, exposed to them the folly of despair, the rashness of flight, and the absolute necessity of a last struggle, although it should be the struggle of death. He succeeded in calming their fears and inspiring hope. The soldiers, who were all on the wing for the Cordilleras, he induced to remain and prepare to be organized anew; and before the arrival of San Martin and the Director was announced in the capital, he had quelled the first impulse of terror in the inhabitants, and put affairs into the train, that led to the glorious results which ensued.

In the space of three days he raised and organized a corps of six hundred horsemen; and in as many more had them disciplined and ready for the field. This would be incredible, did we not know that a Chileno's home is on horseback, and that the youth of the better sort are universally accustomed to the exercise of the broadsword. This corps received the appellation of *La Batallon de la buena Muerte*. In the hard fought battle of Maypu, an important post was assigned to it, and Rodriguez proved himself on that occasion as well fitted for the field as for the cabinet. Unfortunately, however, it soon appeared, that more of the credit of this victory, and the events preparatory to it, were by popular opinion attributed to him, than was consistent with his safety. Six or eight days after the battle and in the midst of the festivities consequent upon it, he suddenly disappeared, and no man dared to ask, Where is Rodriguez? He has never since been seen.

Thus was this remarkable man cut off prematurely, before he had attained his thirtyfirst year. There can no longer be any doubt, if there ever was any, that he was secretly murdered by order of those in high authority, who feared the influence of his name and his talents with the people.

The early history of the press in Chile is curious, as will be seen by the following facts, for which we are indebted to Colonel Worthington's memoranda. The first printing press arrived at Valparaiso on the 21st of November, 1811. It was sent from New York, and cost six hundred and fifty dollars. The Carreras paid for it eight thousand in Chile. In January following the press was put in motion, and the first paper was issued which ever appeared in the country, and was called the *Aurora of Chile*. It was conducted by Johnson, Garrison, and Berbridge, all citizens of the United States, who went out with the press from New York. The editor was Henriques Camilla. The *Aurora* continued about two years, during which time Iresarri, a native of Mexico, published a weekly paper. When the royalists retook the country the press expired; but after the battle of Chacabuco it was revived, and a paper called the *Gazette of Chile* was set up, and was continued under that name till the battle of Maypu. It then took the name of the *Ministerial Gazette*, and for a most frivolous pretext it was put under the control of the Secretary of State, Iresarri. Then followed the *Argus of Chile*, and two papers of little significance, the *Fairy* and the *Sun*. Since that time many other papers have successively risen up and expired, and there are now several published in the country, containing intelligence and free political discussions.

The sudden influx of merchants and adventurers into Chile, for a few years after the revolution, produced a scene of tumult and confusion rarely witnessed among civilized people. Neither the language of those who came to traffic, nor the value or use of the articles of merchandise they brought, was understood. It was not a state of things that had grown out of the genius and habits of the people; every thing was forced and unnatural. A few of the first adventurers, as is always the case in political and commercial revolutions, met with success, and realized their hopes; but others that followed their steps, and adventured largely, found disappointment and ruin. The people at large in Chile, more perhaps than in any other part of South America, are obstinately attached to ancient habits, and have a distrustful aversion to changes of any sort. They have the pride and prejudice of old Spaniards, with minds much less enlightened, and, of course, less susceptible of the improvements of commerce. Their habits and modes of life have, in a good measure, grown out of their peculiar climate, and the nature of the country.

On entering a *Bogeda* in Valparaiso, designed at first as a storehouse for eighty or a hundred thousand bushels of wheat, you might, during the period we have alluded to, almost have imagined yourself in a London or Manchester warehouse ; and the Plaza of Santiago resembled a Leipsic fair. In preparing articles for that market, regard must be had not only to their general fabric, and the materials of which they are made, but even the most skilful must learn anew how to manufacture them. You would find it difficult to induce a Chileno to mount his horse in an English riding cloak, when the *poncho*, which his Indian neighbors have taught him to weave, will answer his purpose much better ; and the fair of Chile will furnish but poor customers for pins and bodkins, while there is not one in a hundred among them, that ever saw a pin, or felt the need of one. The owner of a *hacienda*, who, before sowing season, has fifty or a hundred ploughs in constant use, will hardly be persuaded to pay ten pounds for an English plough, while those that cost him ten rials are quite as advantageous to him ; or to supply his hundreds of peons with iron spades and shovels, when those of wood, which each one makes for himself, will serve their turn as well ; besides, ploughs and shovels like these were used by his father before him. Nor would the Señoras of the land patiently submit to the uncertainty and fluctuations of commerce, and live in dependence for supplies of China tea upon voyages across the Pacific, when they find in the *herba* of a neighboring province, a beverage quite as fine flavored and refreshing, and which has the further powerful recommendation, that it is the same which their mothers were accustomed to sip.

It may moreover be added, that the eagerness with which this new channel of commerce was followed up by foreigners, not only misled the adventurers themselves, but blinded the eyes of the Chilian government to their own commercial interests. A new, and rich, and apparently simple source of public revenue was suddenly opened to them, and committed to the direction of men grossly ignorant, or, to say the least, extremely inexperienced in the great fundamental and reciprocal principles of commerce. Hence, duties on foreign merchandise were imposed, with nearly the same regulations as were used in other and very different times, and in levying internal taxes, the scheme of the tariff, indeed, seemed to have regard to hardly any other considerations, than the immediate exigen-

cies of the government, and the ability of the merchant. Salutary changes are gradually and slowly taking place ; yet there is abundant room for improvement, not more in the commercial regulations, than in the political and civil institutions of Chile.

ART. III.—*Life of Theobald Wolfe Tone, Founder of the United Irish Society, and Adjutant General in the Service of the French and Batavian Republics. Written by Himself, and continued by his Son ; with his Political Writings, and Fragments of his Diary, whilst Agent to the General and Sub Committee of the Catholics of Ireland, and Secretary to the Delegation who presented their Petition to His Majesty George III. His Mission to France ; with a complete Diary of his Negotiations to procure the Aid of the French and Batavian Republics for the Liberation of Ireland ; of the Expedition of Bantry Bay, the Texel, and of that wherein he fell. Narrative of his Trial, Defence before the Court Martial, and Death. Edited by his Son, WILLIAM THEOBALD WOLFE TONE ; with a brief Account of his own Education and Campaigns under the Emperor Napoleon.* 2 vols. 8vo. Washington.

THIS ample title page promises much variety, and in that the reader will not be disappointed ; and though to such as hold a great book to be a great evil, twelve hundred pages of autobiography may seem somewhat appalling, yet many will think, when they have read the work and felt its interest and importance, that it is not too long. We are of opinion, however, that with regard to its popularity and general circulation, it might have been condensed to advantage. The multiplicity of books in these days renders economy of time as well as of purse, a necessary consideration.

It has become a fashion of late, and it is sanctioned by the example of the most ingenious authors of our times, to interweave with affecting stories of individuals, often creatures of the brain, important passages of history, and thus to enlist curiosity and sensibility in aid of useful acquirements. The nearer those works resemble or approach the truth, the greater are their merit and their charm. The narrative before us comes